

The chast shown us gleams of light, Thou hast brought us man some friends most

And given us "songs in the night."

The bours of thy life are numbered now, And we now will four regard

On all the pleasure thy thus have brought,
And increase that we found so hard.

It is ever so, when we reach the end,
And the pressure of work is do.

That we gather our shraves and count our

And a member our tall no more.

We know then art bringing as gifts, New Year, Of wealth, or placeure of rest.

And our brarts to at light as thou drawest nigh.
For we know and destreathy been.
But, ab, of sorrow, of waiting, of loss,
Thou hast also a bridgen store!
Ged strongthes as all to endure our cross,
Nor faint ore the strife is o'er!

And let us to marrow with hope beein, And he our standard high, Striving to enough rate weakness and ain That several our souls do lie. And with heinful work or with kindly thought

( And lighten the gloom of Despuir

## THE NEW YEAR.

Could we but giance the new year o'er, Its hidden depths unred, Look on the blessings safe in store, Whose mergins never fails Could we but see the happiness The New Year seeks to give Our daily lives to cheer and bless, How gladly would we live!

Could we behold the grief and care To wear, pointin strill care, To wear, pointin strill allotted as our rightful share. In each new year of life.
Could we antinipate the thorus. That in our justiney ile.
Before the willium New Year dawns. How giadly would we die!

Yet, ignorant of all, we grupe With blind persistence, on: Upheld by patient faith and hope, Each dully task is won; A new year's burden unconcealed, Our amoust hearts beaumb, But surrows one by one revealed. Are conquered as they come.

-Lurana W. Sheldon, in N. Y. World.



ty-first, 18-, will be remembered in some portions of the west, as one of the coldest, stormiest days of an excentionally cold winter. I have good reasons to remember it, for on that day I came very near losing my life as the result of my own fool-

The day before I arrived at the little frontier town of S-, where I had business, proposing to drive thence next day to H--, forty miles distant, where I intended to spend New Year's day with friends whom I had not seen for several years. I had confidently expected to reach H- without difficulty and surprise my friends—who had always made it a custom to usher in the New Year with much jolly cere-mony-by appearing in their midst late on New Year's eve. I was, therefore, much vexed, when I arose in the orning to find that a heavy snow had fallen during the night, and that the weather had turned much colder, with a heavy wind blowing from the north. Nevertheless, I was fully resolved to go, providing I could find anyone who was willing to undertake the drive. But there was no regular stage line. and no one seemed willing to trust himself and his team to the possible chances of a hard "nor wester," and, after trying several places without success. I returned to the hotel in a very disagreeable mood.

As I was expressing my disgust to the landlord, with whom I was well acquainted, a man whom I had noticed on the train the evening before, and who was now sitting by the stove reading, looked up and remarked:

"I father we are in the same fix; I am very anxious to get to H- myself, but there seems to be no chance of getting away from here.

Perhaps," I suggested, intending to be humorous, "perhaps we might buy a team and go anyway."

This brought the stranger to his

I don't know whether you would be willing or not, or whether we could get a team; but why not try to get one to go with, on the understanding that we pay for any damage done to the or conveyance-or pay a fair price for the animals in

should not pull through alive?" "The very thing?" I agreed can try, anyway."

The landlord and others tried to dissuade us from our purpose, but we were firm, and the result was that in a ahort time we secured a team of horses and a cutter, leaving with the landlord a deposit sufficient to cover their value

in case we did not return them in good condition; and, in a baif hour or so, we were on our way to H —, well rest of the story, and deeply interested bundled in robes and furs, and feeling in it. quite cheerful over the prospect of reaching H - after all.

The first twelve or thirteen miles of our route was over a good road, and, as we glided along at a merry pace. I had am the cause of it. opportunity to take note of my companion's appearance.

and quite handsome, though not extraordinarily so. What impressed me YE, old most was his manner. He had a firm, We have decided, rather slow way of speaking, Year We have decided, rather slow way of speaking, lored thee with and his eyes met mine honesity and Though thy skies were cold and His words carried conviction with them fearlessly whenever I looked at him. His words carried conviction with them ray, ach off we have and his straightforward manner gave sighed out me the impression that my companion, who had registered as "H. A. Brown, New York," was a man of truth and honor who meant every word he said and on whom one could depend in an emergency. Beyond this and the fact that he was a stranger in that part of the country, I learned nothing, I found him well-informed, a gentleman,

and an agreeable traveling companion,

"Yes," said the other man, and I thought he seemed oddly eager for the

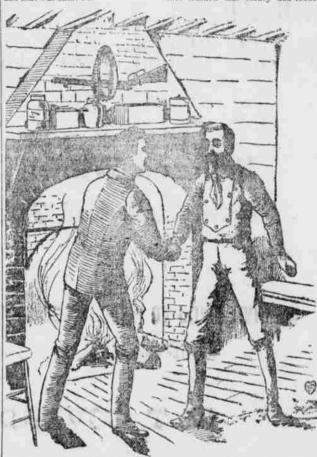
"Twelve years ago, there was, in a certain city in Ohio, one of the happiest families that ever lived. To-day they are scattered far and near, and I

"My father and mother were both living then, and on Christman and New He was a tall, large man, well-built Year's there was always a merry gath-and quite handsome, though not exthe old home. There were five children of us-three girls, all married, my founger brother, Sidney, and myself.

"That year we were all gathered as usual under the home roof for the last time, as it happened.

"I need not make a long story of it. On New Year's eve it was discovered that a certain sum of money that had been in the safe at my father's office was missing-money that had been left there for safe-keeping by a friend, who called for it late in the afternoon; father leaving the house and going down to the office with him to get it.

"That the money had been taken there was no doubt, and when my fa-



" smill sup !"

of bad road, over which we were com- ney, like many impulsive, kind-heartpelied to drive with the utmost care, ed, affectionate lads, was a bit wild, despite our impatience. To add to the and, somehow, it seemed natural that discomfort of the situation, it was be-coming colder, and the wind, into the stearly one, and attach to him, the teeth of which we were driving, was headstrong and thoughtless. My father blowing at a fearful rate. Both of us did not know that L on whose honests began to feel the cold keenly, and the and integrity of all persons he most deprospect of darkness coming on soon, and finding us on a strange road, and, gambled and speculated until exposure so far as we knew, twenty miles from and ruin stared me in the face; and in a anywhere, did not tend to enliven our moment of weakness I had storped to

Mile after mile we urged the tired to take the reins.

and was becoming severely, numb all over. It required much urging from my companion to keep me from falling into that sleep which intense cold superinduces, and which is nearly always fatal. Finally Mr. Brown drew rein.

"These horses can't go another mile. We shall have to do something," he said "We cannot keep on going.

He had hardly spoken when he dded: "Oh! thank God! there's a light"

I must have been pretty badly frozen, for, though Mr. Brown said afterwards he talked to me as we passed on to the house where he saw the light, I knew no more until several hours later I found myself on a bunk "Sin in a rude, one-room cabin, with Mr. peace.

the cabin's owner, standing over me. "Good!" said the stranger. thought he wasn't too far gone to pull through all right." For which I was duly thankful, and so expressed my-

Brown and another man, apparently

Later in the evening, as Mr. Brown and our host sat by the fire, smoking silently, I lay idly watching them, and was suddenly struck with a certain similarity in their appearance. They were about the same size and build, had the same color of bair and eyes, and, though our host wore a thick beard, which Mr. Brown did not, I fancled I detected a certain facial resemblance. Both men, too, had a decided, positive way of speaking, and wasted

Suddenly Mr. Brown drew out his watch and looked at it. "A quarter of twelve," he remarked, gravely-almost sadly, I thought. I noticed our host cast a quick, keen glance at the other's

flames in the big open fireplace: "I don't know why I should become confidential or communicative; it is not my way. But to-night, the eye of the New Year, is the saddest night of the year, for me; and there has never an old year died, in the last eleven, that has not found me longing for human companionship and sympathy. If I had neither I should go mad. I think."

He paused for a few moments, and cry: seemed lost in painful thought. Then be continued:

Twelve years ago to-night, I be out in the wilderness, with the storm came a criminal and an undeclared howling outside, the New Year and I Twelve years ago to-night, I be perjurer. No, you need not look in-credulous; it is true. Shall I go on?" of us ever saw. R. L. KERCHUM.

All went well until early in the after- ; the safe and left the office last, that oon, when we came to several miles foresoon, he was terribly shocked. Sidpended, was the real thief-that I had common theft to hide my tracks

"Sidney did not come home to dinner horses along, until it seemed as if they that evening, and we saw nothing of must drop from fatigue; colder and him until nearly twelve o'clock, when more fiercely blew the wind down the he came in somewhat flushed with narrow, high-walled canyon, until I champagne. My father drew him into became so chilled that Mr. Brown had the library, and in the tactless way to take the reins. Soon dusk began to gather. By this often have asked him about the miss-time I found I had frosted my face and ing money. Of course Sidney knew suspicions, he was not the one to tell them; and the result was that there was a scene, in the midst of which Sidney kissed his mother and sisters and left the house. He has never entered it since, and stayed in the city only long enough to say good-by to his sweethcurt-a dear, lovely girl, his aweethcurt a dear, lovely who was nearly broken-hearted. has never married, but is still waiting for Sidney to return and clear him-

"Soon after that my mother died of a broken heart. Sidney was her young est, and dearest. I think my father is a sad, old man-older than his years, by far, and broken with sorrow.

"Since that night I have known no I left home soon after and have been wandering ever since; but the thought of my double crime has me mercilessly, until, sometimes, I have been almost insane. For nine of these years I have been seeking almost incessantly for some trace of Sidney, but to no purpose. On New Year's nights his face haunts me: I see it as it looked when he went put of the door, leaving home and friends and all that makes life worth living behind.

"He is not dead-something tells me I shall find him yet, I know. only pray it may be soon. I have made one out of the money !-stole; ft is all for Sidney, when I find him. Do you-do you think that when I find him and he learns what is in store for him and that back in Ohio the girl he swore never to see again until he had a clear name to offer her is still waiting for him-he will feel like forgiving and

trying to forget?"
I could not understand the man to thus unbosom himself to strangers: face. Then Mr. Brown continued, and there was an appealing weakness looking dreamily into the roaring in his tone, as he finished that con-1 trasted markedly with his strong personality. I looked at him wonderingly, us he sat with his face bowed in his

> The other man rose, and staggered over to where his guest sat.

> "I know he will -I know it!" he said. chokingly. "And scmetime-Harry!" "And I knew you'd come, Brown started to his feet with a wild

"Sid! Sid!"

And there, in the little miner's cabin.

## These are Facts

## Housekeepers Should Seriously Consider.

in the following facts, which show why "Royal" is the best baking powder, why it makes the best and most wholesome food, and why its use has become almost universal - its sale greater in this country than the sale of all other cream of tartar baking powders combined.

The Royal Baking Powder NEVER fails. It is absolutely pure and wholesome.

It is combined from the most approved and healthful ingredients.

It makes the finest flavored, most tender,

delicious and wholesome food. It has greater leavening strength than any other baking powder, and is therefore

the cheanest. It never loses its strength, but will keep fresh and of full leavening power until

It acts slowly in the dough, so that none of its strength is lost before the balling is

It makes food that will keep sweet, moist and fresh longer, or that may be eaten hot and fresh with impunity.

The reasons why the Royal Baking Powder is superior to all others in these respects are easily stated. One is because it is made from chemically pure materials; another is because it is made with greater care and accuracy than any other. It is always uniform in composition and leavening power. It has been the standard baking powder since its introduction. The founder and conductor of its business ever since is still at the head of its management. Thus all the

If you want the best food, you will be interested | knowledge and skill attained by over a quarter of a century's experience is available in its present preparation. The consumer is not experimented upon by changes of formula that are constantly being made in other powders in an effort to get a mixture that will not "cake" or lose its strength, or that follow changes of proprietorship or manufacturers. The Royal Baking Powder is always certain and equal in its work; a teaspoonful does the same perfect work to-day that it did yesterday, or last week or month, or last year.

> While the last teaspoonful in a can of Royal is as good as the first, other powders lose their strength after being made a short time, and particularly after the can is opened.

The exactness with which the active principle of each ingredient prior to mixing is ascertained by expert chemists; the actual prohibition enforced against the receipt into the works of an impure ingredient; the care with which the materials are dried, coated and prepared before their combination, and the precision in packing the powder so that it shall be delivered to the consumer in the perfect condition in which it leaves the factory, are some of the details which go to make the

The same means are not employed by other manufacturers. There have been a great many imitations of the Royal, but no equals. Fure materials are not employed, care is not taken in their preparation and combination, while in the great majority of baking powders alum is added to give them strength, while cheapening their cost.

The great popularity and general use of the Royal Baking Powder attest its superiority.

in the January Wide Awake. Margaret Sidney's paper on "Waittler Margaret Sidbey's paper on "Waitter with the Children" naturally leads all others to timeliness and interest. It is sympathetic, personal and delightful, and shows the good Quaker poet as the child-lover and with that child-nature his poems have led us to ascribe to him. The article is profusely flustrated. Another leader is Frederick A. Oper's "The Bridge that Spanned the World." It deals with the localities made famous by Columbus in Spain. Kirk Munroe, the founder of the League of American Winelmen, contributes a pithy article "About Bicycles" to the Wide Awake Athlètics, and makes some sharp criticisms on the present method of "jackkinifing" in the saddle. The about stories in this numbers are about stories in this summer and a solid season and that is claiser to had the story to a little story. The same story is all the story to a story the conditional treatment. Ball's Ca with the Children" naturally leads all others in timeliness and interest. ... It is short stories in this number are especially bright Annie Howells Frechette's "Bill" is the study of a small boy that shows the Howells' realism in a new vein; Mary Kyle Dallas "The Little Turk" is a tale of pluck and endeavor: Mary P. W. Smith in "Behind the Wardrobe" delights all those who love or hate arithmetic. The serial stories by W. O. Stoddard,

Molly Elliot Seawell and Theodora R. Jenness are increasingly absorbing. Kate Putnam Osgood's "Ballad of the Bonny Page" is full of strength and fice; M. E. B's dog poem, "A. Morning Call," Mrs. M. F. Butt's "So the Snow Comes Down," and Richard Burton's "Landlord and Tenant" are charming. The Men and Things department is The illus full of bright paragraphs. trations are beautiful. Meynelle's exquisite frontisplece of Whittier with the children, has almost the softness and strength of an oil painting, and is well worth framing. -Price 20 cents a number: \$2.40 a year.

On sale at news stands or sent postpaid on receipt of price, by D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

PEOPLE IN GENERAL

"Sannuet Kranehurroussanvaress". Tin Peddler," is the legend which appears upon the card of a Russian comcreial traveler in Connecticut.

REV. SAMUEL WARRPIELD, aged nine ty-three, and his wife, aged ninety, are a Latrobe (Ind.) couple who have had ten children and no death in the family in sixty-one years.

Engson, the electrician, is satisfied

with cracked wheat and cream for lunch, and dines as plainly as if he was still a poor operator who had to coun every quarter he expended.

In you asseconstinated, billious or troubled with dek hardsche, Beecham's Pills afford Immediate relief. Of druggists. 25 cents. Tiwe heals all things; but it does not heel pair of boots. - N. O. Picayune.

Fair Admission Tickets to the World's, Fair are being offered by the Chicago Scale Company. Send them your address. Bruiss of a feather are flocking together on fashionable hats.—Troy Press.



OUGH FOUR restorer, and flesh-builder that's known to medical science. For every disease that has to be reached through the blood, like Consumption, for Scrofula in all its forms, Weak Lungs, Brouchitis, Asthma, and all severe, linguring Coughs, it is the only guaranteed remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

The proprietors of Dr. Sago's Catarrh Remedy know that their medicine perfectly and permanently cures Catarrh. To prove it to you, they make this offer: If they can't cure your Catarrh, no matter what your case is, they'll pay you \$500 in cash.

Tun goat is not the most popular producer of "butter" milk Event season somebody says the theater hat must go. It keeps on going to the theater, for a fact.—N. O. Pfenyung.

Look to Yourself

Look to Yourself
If your lives is our of order, your skin saffron colored, tongue furred, eyebulist meed
with yelfow. Heatetter's Stomach Bitters
instanter is the correct thing. Bon't wait,
if you don't wan inwalde and perlaps abserse of the liver. Likewise, if you have a
malartal chill, touch of rheumatism, indigestion, kidney of nervous trouble, use the
Bitters without delay. Give it a fair trial,
as it preserves. as it preserves.

DUDE—"What is the latest thing in swell mater" Hatter—"A swelled head "-Life.

Coughs and Hoanseness -The irritation which induces coughing immediately re-lieved by use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Bold only in boxes.

Extravadance and plenty cunnot live in he same house,—Galveston News.

Disease is unnatural, and is but the proof that we are abusing Nature. It is craimed that Garneld Test, a simple herb remedy, helps Nature to overcome this abuse.

it's always the fall season with the ama teur bioyelists.

God bless the children. Any-

thing that alleviates their sufferings

and that restores them to health

when they are afflicted is deserving

of great praise. When we consider

that half the population of the

world die before they reach the age

of five years, we can see what a

boon any remedy is that banishes

the chief danger of childhood, for

eighty per cent. of deaths in these

infants come from croup. Mothers

will read the following epistle with

KANSAS CITY, MO., Nov. 30th, 1802.

much subject to croup. Recently we have

been induced to use Reid's German Cough

these attacks. Two doses give instant re-

lief. I give it freely and do not fear an

Garfield Tea

**Cures Constipation** 

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1 W. MARSH.

202 East Fifth Street.

Kansas City, Me.

Manager Depot Transfer Co.,

My baby, nineteen months old, is very

interest.

overdose.



ONE ENJOYS

\$100 Reward \$100.

"Workin' now, Peter" "Naw, I got a

DON'T Wheere and cough when Hale's Honopof Herebound and Tar will cure.

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the sys-tem effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acc-ptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most realthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most

oopular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who and Kidney Cure and we no longer dread may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who mishes to t

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